Baſt. No my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*, remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glo. He hath beene out nine yeares, and away he ſhall again, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter*.

Gloſt. I ſhall my Liege.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The Map there; know we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſſe of our ſtate,
Confirming them on younger yeares,
The two great Princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwer'd; tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it:
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I do loue you more then words can wield the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace, or liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much a childe ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady Forreſts, and wide skirted Meads,
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albanies* iſſue,

Be this perpetuall. What ſ
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to
Reg. Sir I am made of t
And prize me at her wort
I finde ſhe names my very
That I profeſſe my ſelfe a
Which the moſt precious
And finde I am alone felic
Cor. Then poore *Cordel*
My loue's more richer the
Lear. To thee and thine
Remaine this ample third
No leſſe in ſpace, validity,
Then that confirm'd on *G*
Although the laſt, not leaſ
What can you ſay to win
Then your ſiſters.
Cor. Nothing my Lor
Lear. How, nothing ca
Cor. Vnhappy that I
mouth, I loue your Maie
nor leſſe.
Lear. Go too, go too, me
Leaſt it may marre your f
Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue bgot me, bred
I returne thoſe duties bac
Obey you, loue you, and
Why haue my ſiſters husb
Haply when I ſhall wed, t
Muſt take my plight, ſhal
Halfe my care and duty, ſ
Matry like my ſiſters, to l
Lear. But goes this wi
Cor. I good my Lord.
Lear. So young and ſo
Cor. So young my Lo

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